

*Annie is wearing Sandra's dress over her own clothes and clutches a script.*

Florence, you don't look yourself this evening.

ANNIE. (*Reading each word slowly from her script in an American accent.*) Thomas, I'm frightened.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence; you're safe in here with me.

DENNIS. What's happening, sir?

CHRIS. Isn't it obvious? Cecil has lost control.

ANNIE. Oh no not Cecil. (*Pronounced "ke-sill."*)

CHRIS. He killed Charles tonight, driven mad by his lust for you and now he knows we've found him out.

ANNIE. I cannot bear it. Cecil (*Again pronounced "ke-sill."*) would not do such a thing.

DENNIS. Well this is a fine mess. The worst night I've seen in eighty— (*Corrects himself.*) eight years of service.

ANNIE. Save me, brother.

*Annie goes to Chris, who pushes her back to Robert.*

Ooh, save me, brother.

ROBERT. Don't worry, Florence. I shan't let anyone hurt a hair on your head.

ANNIE. I'm panicking.

*Annie does a physical action to show she is panicking.*

I can't believe...Cecil— (*Still pronounced "ke-sill."*)

CHRIS. Cecil!

ANNIE. Cecil...is doing this.

DENNIS. Try to relax, Miss Colley Moore.

ANNIE. I shall faint.

ROBERT. You shan't faint—

*Annie falls back without warning. Robert just catches her.*

—*confound it!* What a devil of a situation this is. Now—

*Jonathan bursts in, holding his gun.*

JONATHAN. Not so fast, Insp... (*Realises.*) oh for God's sake!

*Jonathan realises he is still too early and exits.*

ROBERT. Now we're—

*Jonathan walks past the window, his head in his hand. He slowly realises the audience can see him. Mortified, he lowers himself out of view.*

Now we're all going to survive tonight, you hear me?

*Chris peers out of the door.*

CHRIS. Take cover!

ROBERT. Great Scott!

DENNIS. Good heavens!

ANNIE. Ay me!

CHRIS. Don't panic, Cecil is crossing the landing. We must lock him out!

ROBERT. Quickly, where are the keys to the door, Perkins?

DENNIS. Here they are, sir.

*Dennis pulls out the Inspector's notebook from his pocket. Chris upends the vase, sending the keys flying across the stage. Dennis drops the notebook and catches the keys.*

Here they are, sir.

CHRIS. Hand them to me quickly, Perkins, before Cecil bursts in—

*The door bursts open and Max staggers inside.*

DENNIS and ROBERT. No! No!

*Max shuffles forward a few paces and then flops dead onto the chaise longue. We see three bullet wounds in his back.*

Good Lord!

*Lights shift to red and the short musical spike plays. Then the lights shift back.*

ANNIE. Cecil's dead?

*Lights shift to red again. The same short musical spike plays. The lights shift back.*

DENNIS. A double murder!

*The lights turn to red and a short burst of an English new*